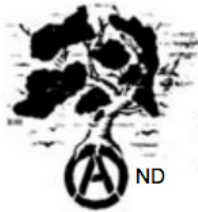


* A COUNTER-MAGICS OF DESIRE & REVOLT *

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TO THE MEMORY OF MARIA BUONO
FOR YOU, THE DEEPEST AND EVERLASTING LOVE & GRATITUDE.



TO ALL THE OTHER WOMEN, FROM ALL REGIONS AND ERAS, BREATHLESSLY CARING THE CHILDREN OF OTHERS

FEAT. : MY WIDELY SCATTERED GIRL GANG-CONSTELLATION AND THE STARRY-EYED CREATURES I HAVE THE PRIVILEGE TO
CRASH INTO ON MY MILKY MILKY-WAY



LIBERATION, NOT EMANCIPATION ! ¹

ⁱ « Introduction to the Archive of Feminist Struggle for wages for housework. Donation by Mariarosa Dalla Costa », *Viewpoint Magazine*, issue 5: Social Reproduction, 2015. [<https://viewpointmag.com/2015/10/31/introduction-to-the-archive-of-the-feminist-struggle-for-wages-for-housework-donated-by-mariarosa-dalla-costa/>].



EY YOU SUBLIME WITCHY



SWEETIE



I am here to tell you my first giant secret ever, so I really really hope you will graciously accept to come with me along these lines up until the end.

Conjuring in specific socio-political and technical arrangements, squeezed out from the flow of everyday life, there are some truly **UNIQUE** experiences, which are capable to confer to the present the absolute forms of desireⁱⁱ. Casting a **SPELL** means performing a desiring operation. This **COUNTER-MAGICS OF DESIRE & REVOLT** is all the more surprising, because its own effectiveness consists in : 1) **ALLOWING YOUR BODY TO PRODUCE AN EXCESS OF DESIRE** ; 2) **ALLOWING YOU TO BREAK FREE OF THIS EXCESS, DISPERSING IT JOYFULLY ALL AROUND**. Physical explosions will radically transform your perception of **WHAT YOUR BODY CAN**, between the *status quo* and the **POSSIBLE**. *You* is the **ME** who is speaking here so so close to the words, the *I* of your eyes, reading softly, the *I* who, in a burst, will exceed in its multiplications, and beyond that, the **WE** as a common name of revolt.



s **WITCHES** and **OTHER QUEER CREATURES**, we need first and foremost to shield ourselves, the best as we can, from the whole set of discursive and technical dispositifs aimed to control us as « women », « criminals », « vampires », and so on. These are political fictions invented by the Family, the Church, the Army and the State. These institutions are responsible of having carved in our bodies a deep divide between desire and imagination, and excavated in it a dark, dark abyss. In this abyss, the repressive institutions have injected images-*pharmakoi* : cures and poisons aimed to shape us according to the lines of the saddest destiny ever. If I say *we* and *us*, it is because the rapid encounter of our exiled constitutions will tear the grip of any sad political fiction, apart from what our bodies *can* and *desire*, forever and with **A HELL BIG LAUGHⁱⁱⁱ**.

ⁱⁱ Please, allow me from now on to use all sorts of those which you may consider hyperboles. You'll see later on, that they accurately describe the **Spell** you are about to cast.

ⁱⁱⁱ But please, be a little bit patient, honey: time to jump won't be so long.

★ JUMP ! ★

*As SHE RIPPED THE ANCIENT CATHEDRAL OF THE DEEP IN TWO
I VANISHED THROUGH HER BLOSSOM INFINITY LIKE AN ARMY ANT DOES*



★ *ARADIA TRAVELED FAR AND WIDE, TEACHING AND PREACHING THE RELIGION OF OLD
TIMES, THE RELIGION OF DIANA, THE QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES AND OF THE MOON, THE
GODDESS OF THE POOR AND THE OPPRESSED. AND THE FAME OF HER WISDOM AND BEAUTY
WENT FORTH OVER ALL THE LAND, AND PEOPLE WORSHIPED HER, CALLING HER *LA BELLA
PELLEGRINA* (THE BEAUTIFUL PILGRIM) ★ (ITALIAN LEGEND, 14TH CENTURY)^{iv}.*

^{iv} See Charles LeLand, *Aradia : Gospel of the Witches*, 1890.

EXTERIOR
AROUND 1:45 PM

HERE I AM, WHERE EVERYTHING IS JUST DESIRE AND ABYSS

The first is all around, the latter is far away at the horizon. I fill my lungs with the biggest bite of fresh air. Blood suddenly rises to the head. It's exciting. I start running. Then fast, and always faster. Upwind. It's overwhelming. I badly need to put into circulation organs, cells, fluids and chromosomes, to abandon all sovereignty on my body and any private property on me, towards the invention of a new dispositif of collectivization. It's bloody painful. It's devastating. In this breathless race, I get filled with all sorts of odd things travelling through the air, such as countless particles of light, and I am wet from ankles to ears because of the speed, so I decide to take off my shirt, miniskirt, high-heels and earrings. The more I progress, the more absurdely seducing words and unimagined pictures appear to me, flocked from planetary systems so far away, coming altogether to swarm in me and make me explode in billions of streams of freedom and happiness. I-Witch drive a fierce war against fate, thanks to this becoming-imperceptible, which allows me to weave in and out all geographies, strategies and technologies of affect, like a scattered limitless soundtrack. I feel that later, much later, the swarm will gently guide me along the abyss.

BECOMING-EVERYTHING IS POSSIBLE AND EASY RIGHT NOW

Impossible to stop its ferocious drive. Actually, it soothes everything, everywhere, anything it gets through and around me-Witch : countless spots of everything, ranging from ancestral memories to unfigured dreams. Nevertheless, no matter how moving and consuming this may be (and it definitely *is* terribly moving and consuming), you and I **CANNOT** stop it. And at this point you-Witchy creature, you Becoming-imperceptible, you Becoming-everything as well with me, will add your favorite words to this soundtrack, words which ideally lead to the formation of the first encyclopedia of desire & revolt in the history of humankind.

THE SHORTEST LITTLE WHILE LATER, ON A TIMELAPSE OF ETERNITY
EXTERIOR
NIGHT

So madly melted into the magics of this unknown driving force, the only thing you can do right now, at this late stage of your transmutation is to **CLOSE YOUR LIDS, STARRY-EYED BABY**, and...

JUMP

* W A R N I N G S ! *

N. B. This drug is an **UTTERLY POWERFUL SPELL**.

- ✓ Please read the directions **CAREFULLY** before continuing,
- ✓ I tell you once and for all so listen carefully : **POISON** your regular doctor, your local pharmacist, narcissist, banker, and shit
- ✓ And last but not least : **SWITCH OFF** that phone, damnit

❖ S I D E - E F F E C T S

During your **COUNTER-MAGICS OF DESIRE**, it is highly likely that some side-effects may occur to you. Here they are, in order of appearance. Please welcome with me : speeding heartbeats, sweating, trembling, poignancy, hunger, thirst, euphoria, insomnia, sensation of a planet on fire which grows bigger and bigger like a giant star within you, shortness of breath & intermittent breath cuts (Ibegyouhoney ***B R E A T H E F O R M E ***), brief faintings similar to « little deaths », hallucinations, i.e. « sensations of eternity », loss of equilibrium, excruciating pain (0,0000001 % of chances, don't worry baby).

❖ W I T C H Y R E M E D I E S

If you ever witness one or more of those signs and symptoms, I recommend you to **STOP IMMEDIATELY TRYING TO FIGHT THEM** (I am sure you tried to, honey...). You just have to endure them decently, better say, *acceptably*, through the one and only quality I'll beg you to develop right now : **SUPREME & GRACEFUL PATIENCE**. It is also very important - and a sign of self-responsibility - to often whisper to yourself, that **NO MATTER WHAT** will happen after **ALL THAT** (come on, repeat it out loud : « **NO MATTER WHAT [...] ALL THAT** »), you will have **UNDONE MANY OF THE LIMITS IMPOSED TO YOU BY THE DISCIPLINARY INSTITUTIONS AND THE INSTRUMENTS OF CONTEMPORARY GLOBAL CAPITALISM, FROM WITHIN**. I immediately reassure you : once you'll have *jumped*, these symptoms will **MAGICALLY** (yes, « **MAGICALLY** » : wasn't this **COUNTER-MAGICS OF DESIRE** conceived for that ?) melt into the purest and limitless sensation of « happiness » - i.e. *indescribable joy* - like if you suddenly turned into a mythical creature floating in the most perfect sky of a summer morning in Greece or any other Paradise of your choice, not worrying about anything else (I said « **ANYTHING** » : do you get it ?).

Finally, you always have to keep in mind, baby, that by using this **COUNTER-MAGICS OF DESIRE**, you are experiencing the most perfect form of **JUSTICE** ever.

* TIPS & RECOMMENDATION ! *

❖ ONLY ODD RYTHMS PLEASE

Do yourself a favor : collect a bunch of odd songs and press « **SHUFFLE** ». This simple gimmick will open free and limitless possibilities of creation : no more boundaries at all (yes, « *no more boundaries at all* »), in any direction you may want to look, you irredeemable cynic. Destabilizing your equilibrium will make you want to accelerate the forward fast **SPELL**^v.

❖ ABSOLUTE THROUGHNESS

DEF.: Neologism expressing the dissolution between the desiring forces to whose you yield, and your mutant body. *I.e.* « *absolute throughness* ». Remember : « **THROUGHNESS** » is the first word of your future exciting encyclopedia of desire & revolt.

❖ DAYDREAMING & STILL BELIEVING


During the eternal **KAIROS** of your breathlessness, you'll witness simple and sudden overthrows of the innatural order of things, *chasing big effects, looking for greater peaks*^{vi}. The progressively accelerated repetition of eternal sublime instants alternating your heartbeats shall make you feel as if you were strolling in the ***S T A R R Y H E A V E N S ***, with no other worry than to take the decision of **A C C E P T I N G** to go hand in hand with the infinitely sweet meanders of the **F I R S T** ever unbearable beauty found on your way.

❖ INFINITE KISSNESS^{vii}

« Madness Holds Gold's Handshake
The Touch S/He/It Delivers
Should Define The Space
That's Started »

^v See Jack Kerouac, *The subterraneans*, New York, Avon Pubs, 1959.

^{vi} See Arthur Rimbaud, « The Blacksmith » from *Poems 1870*, in *Complete Works*, trans. Wallace Fowlie, Chicago, The University of Chicago Press, 1966, p. 23. Evocation of June 20th, 1792, when the people of Paris invaded the Tuileries.

^{vii} Credits : «  ».



COUNTER-MAGICS OF DESIRE & REVOLT

I FIND MYSELF IN A SMALL TENT ON THE EDGE OF A ROCKY CLIFF. OUTSIDE NIGHT,
THOUSANDS OF STARS. A FEW HUNDRED METERS BELOW, OCEAN STORM. ALL OF
A SUDDEN, DOZENS OF CHILDREN ARISE, RUNNING WITH ALL THEIR FORCE,
SCREAMING AND LAUGHING LIKE CRAZY. ONE AFTER ANOTHER...
THEY JUMP



A PALESTINIAN GIRL CONFRONTS ISRAELI SOLDIERS DURING A
CONFRONTATION IN BETHLEHEM, IN OCTOBER 2015^{viii}.

^{viii} Credits : AP.



MAZING WITCHY STARRED-EYED BEAUTY,

WHO'S HOLD MY HAND UP UNTIL HERE,

All the configurations of affects we are performing right now increase their power, when connected to practices of subtraction from the empire of destiny, from neoliberal privatization of life, and from all the systems of truth production and their effects of oppression, exclusion and domination. Experiencing such techniques of magics lead us to **DRAMATICALLY** increase our collective power of social transformation. The process leading to the *jump* produces a specific deep, wide and joyful openness, without which no dispersed, immersive, circulatory and micromolecular collective revolt is imaginable.

Odd and conventional traits hybridize their composition with all the heterogeneous physico-chemical elements that get trapped in the desiring process (dusts, winds, shadows, reflections, infravisible events...), softly swallowing us. Impossible and useless to objectify the limits of these elements in a stable form and forever. The boundaries between them can only be temporarily grasped at the edge of their oddity, where they exert a certain strength, a positive determination, one on each other. *Remoteness* is a productive medium, because it forces each scattered constellation to squeeze the possible in between.

The operating criteria and neoliberal management of disciplinary institutions are often used as evidence in support of abstract conceptions of forms of existence. These gaseous bodies that are **WITCHES**, **STUDENTS** for college, the **WORKERS** for the plant, **WOMEN** in the domestic space, the **SICK** and the **COLONIZED** (just to name a few) possess a specific agency, which is first and foremost to be mutant, floating, impermanent, agglomerated, swarmed mobs, cohorts, micrologies, crowds and multitudes. They tranship in their tangle, blind creatures, strangers, intruders, pirates, infidels, and other desiring life forms.

The milky way's desiring & revolting nebula agglomerates and mates in its invisible net, previously hostile creatures, coming from other *abysses* (remember ?) and other planetary systems, far far away from here. They play the game of randomly reversing each other's ground upside down, and linking constellations that had previously been nothing else, than reciprocal exiles.

That is how, eventually, we can force the advent of **ABSOLUTE AND REALISTIC HAPPINESS PLANS**, without hesitation. Through a playful and lightweighed space such as a just a little counter-magics of desire and revolt, we can actually invent new techniques of the body, and imagine together new governance practices and alternative forms of value and truth production, so far away from those imposed by the neoliberal logics.

Before I Leave You In The Search Of Charming Creatures To Play With You At This Game, Let Me Tell You Sweetie, That For Me, Political Practice Is Neither Arithmetic, Nor A Practice In Which One Can Achieve Anything By Consensus, But It's Basically A Practice Of Desire.

WITH EVERLASTING LOVE,

